

THE 1480. and 10

PARALLEL;

OR,

PILKINGTON and PHILLIPS

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COMPARED,

BEING

REMARKS upon the MEMOIRS of those
two celebrated WRITERS.

By an OXFORD Scholar.

*Two Ladies learn'd, in different Islands
Themselves in their Turns of Rapture and of
LETTY and CONNY, pious, precious
Now wise and witty, as once young and
To the whole Town, their naked Thoughts expose,
And tempt Applause, at once in Verse and Prose.
With how much Justice, with what Failings too,
How great their Merit, and their Faults how few,
How like their Paintings, and how like their Tales
Where Nature dictates, and where Art prevails:
These, gentle Readers, if you are but willing,
My Book shall shew you, for a single Shilling.*

LONDON,

Printed for M. COOPER, at the Globe in Paternoster Row. M.DCC.XLVIII.
[Price One Shilling.]

THE
P. A. A. L. L. L. L. L.
OF
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~~blow, all my young men, who would
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THE
PARALLEL, &c.

IT is a just Observation of Sir *Richard Steele*, who understood the Disposition of the Publick as well as any Man that ever wrote, that the Town very rarely reads with Satisfaction a Performance, ever so well executed, unless they know, or think they know, somewhat of the Author; and therefore, though this be my first Essay, and the chief Business of it to talk about other People, yet I shall begin with saying something of myself. All the World knows why our two Authoresses wrote their Apologies, and therefore I cannot but think it very reasonable, as well as very expedient, that they should be acquainted with the Motives that put me upon writing these Remarks.

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That I am a very young Man, would, I am afraid, be no Secret to the World, even if I endeavoured to make it so, and therefore I run no great Hazard in disclosing it. My Parents sent me a Year or two ago to *Oxford* to study Letters, that was their Business; to study Pleasure, which is no very uncommon Case, was mine. I had not been long in that famous Seat of Science before I met with Tutors that were very diligent in their Instructions, without putting my Family to any Expence. These gave me to understand, that to plod on in the dull Track of Learning was a downright Jest; that the only true Science was to know the World, and that the only way to this was to see the World, to live with those that knew it, and to live as they did. In this new Method I became a very apt Scholar, and made a vast Progress in the Knowledge of all the Arts, except those that lead to a Degree.

It must be confessed, that though the Entrance of this Road is very smooth and easy, and that the Prospects increased as well

well in Variety as Beauty the farther I went on, yet I soon found a good many Difficulties in my Way, such as crusty Letters from my Father, perpetual Jobings from my Tutor, a good deal of Railery on that account from my Companions, and which was worst of all, a continual Clamour from my Creditors; for I have found by Experience, and I think it fit to give Warning of it to other young People, that seeing the World before one has learned to live in it is a very dangerous Thing. I must allow that my private Tutors furnished me with a Variety of Methods of coming at Money, but as they never taught me any that enabled me to pay it again, my Wants were continually returning, and by degrees all my Expedients were worn out. This, indeed, is a bad Account of my Progress, but it is a true one; and these Ladies have taught me that most People having many Faults, are mightily pleased with the Perusal of the Memoirs of such as have *more* than themselves.

But Reflections apart: By this Means *Oxford* became very inconvenient to me,

and under Pretence of some Encouragement from an old Uncle to visit him, I prevailed upon a neighbouring Clergyman, a very good-natured Man, and who had a better Opinion of me than I deserved, to lend me ten Pounds to make a Trip to this great Town, which I had a mighty Longing to visit, and where I have been for many Weeks without so much as a Thought of seeing my Uncle. The Manner in which I have spent my Time has nothing in it very singular, for as most young People live at present in one Way, so in that Way have I lived partly from Example, but more from Inclination. This has given me a thorough Knowledge of every thing of which it became me to be ignorant, and a perfect Insight into Persons and Places which I am thoroughly sensible it had been much more for my Interest that I had never seen. Experience, they say, is the Mistress of Fools, and this Justice I must do the old Lady, that she has taught me more Wit than I should ever have been Master of without her Assistance.

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 But *London* is certainly a large Place; and though the Buildings would make one believe that it is a fine City, and full of civilized Inhabitants, yet of late my old Mistress has taught me to consider it rather as a Wilderness, in which there are abundance of Beasts of Prey, and into the Paws of some of them I have fallen. But those of which I am most afraid at this Juncture are *the Bailiffs*, and to avoid these, I keep close at this present Writing in a two Pair of Stairs Room backwards, and by the Help of a believing Landlady am not absolutely without Necessaries, though I now and then live upon short Commons. This Landlady has a near Relation who is a Bookseller, who has been pleased to tell me that I am a young Fellow of some Parts, and that it is a Pity I don't write. It was natural for me to enquire what he would have me write, and the Answer was something like *these*, producing me the Works of our fair Authoresses. Pleasure, quoth he, is the only thing that will do. Men toil for Pleasure, live for Pleasure, think of nothing but Pleasure, and therefore, concluded he,

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you need not wonder that they read for Pleasure. Such were his Instructions, and now for their Application.

The Scheme of my Man of Books was, undoubtedly, that I should have written a Work of the same Kind; and when I objected, that tho' my Adventures had furnished much Disquiet to myself, yet they would afford but little Amusement to the Publick: His Answer was, *Invent, Sir, Invent; there's Pamela* (says he) *that was a rare Thing, if you could do something like that, it would set all Things right here, and at Oxford too.* I told him that *Pamela* did not charm me much, that it seemed to counteract the true Principles of Education, put Servant Wenches upon becoming fine Ladies, and tended to nip in the very Bud the growing Virtues of young Gentlemen. *I cannot say as to that,* returned he, *the Piece might be bad or good for any Thing I know, but this I am sure of, that it sold admirably: As for Servant Wenches, there are three or four of them in some Families, and do but consider how much better Change a Book has they can read, than one that is only fit for their Mistresses, who seldom read at all.*

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As I made no Answer to this, he went on in his Inquiries; *Well, Sir, if you don't like Pamela, what say you to Joseph Andrews?* I told him I looked upon it as one of the best Pieces in the *English* Language; that it was much superior to *Scarron's comical Romance*, and not at all inferior to *Gil Blas*. *But for all that*, said he, *it is very easy Writing*. Quite otherwise, returned I, it is, if you please, very easy reading, it is just, natural, and lively; a fine Picture of Human Nature, and full of great good Sense, and true Judgment. *Well then, added my Dealer in Title Pages, you can write something like that?* No indeed, unless I transcribe it.

Why then, Sir, what think you of Roderick Random? I think, said I, that it is very sprightly, very entertaining, and very full of poignant Satire. *In short, Sir, you think it excellent;* I did not say so, quoth I; a Book is excellent when it has no Faults, as well as an infinite Number of fine Things, but this has both Beauties and Blemishes, nay, what in one Sense are Beauties, are Blemishes in another. There are many free Strokes that please, because they are true
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and agreeable to Nature; but some Truths are not to be told, and the most skilful Painters represent Nature with a Veil. *Upon the whole*, Sir, says my Bookseller, by way of summing up, *we are, I find, of very different Opinions; I fancy you are fit for any Thing, whereas you look upon yourself as good for nothing. Look ye, Sir, our Business is to distinguish Men's Talents, and take my Word for it, I have found out yours. You have a rare Head for Criticism, believe me. Why Doctor Quibus at Tom's, who is the great Censor of the present Age, pronounced the very same Judgment upon these Books that you have done.—There are your Materials; I must go to meet a Stationer at the Temple Exchange, I suppose you'll have done by Tuesday, and so, Sir, speed the Plow; 'till then, I am your very humble Servant.*

His abrupt Departure put it out of my Power to offer any Reasons against his Instructions, and besides, as I found there were many for complying with them, I set down very fairly to my Task, read over the Performances very carefully, marked what pleased and displeased me, and made
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a great Variety of Observations, which I hope (and I dare say no body will dispute my Sincerity) will not prove displeasing to the Reader. I am aware that this may be looked upon as a very low and trivial Employment; but did not the learned *Bentley*, of tremendous Memory, criticise not only *Greek* and *Latin*, but our *English Milton*? Has not that laborious Sister of *English History*, the most accurate and ingenious *Dr. Zachary Gray*, taken much Pains with the *Hudibras* of *Butler*? And has not the profound and deep read *Mr. Upton* shewn ten times as much Learning about *Shakespeare*, as *Shakespeare* was ever Master of? Let not my Readers believe, that, like other Commentators, I am going to set these Ladies upon a Par with those great Poets; no, I am thoroughly acquainted with the Distance they ought to keep, which, how great soever it may be, does not render their Lucubrations at all disproportionate to that slender Skill in *carping*, which may be supposed in an *under Graduate*.

To begin then with *Mrs. Pilkington's* Memoirs. As it is not precisely the Person of a Woman that makes her agreeable or
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disagreeable, but rather her Dress, her Mein, her Manner, her Speech, and her Behaviour; so it is not the Singularity, or the Strangeness of the Events in Mrs. *Pilking-ton's* History that renders it pleasing, and interests its Readers in her favour. The Story in itself has nothing in it new or surprising, it is what happens every Day, and in the Circle of every Body's Acquaintance to some or other of them, and nevertheless we attend to what she relates; we take notice of every Circumstance as she brings it forward, perceive and remember the Relation between the Parts of her Narrative, and enter into her Passions and Distresses; this shews that the Piece has Merit, and that though it may not be written with Address, yet there is in it a Flow of Fancy, and the plain Appearance of an active Spirit that paints after Nature, and from thence borrows a Power of representing all Sorts of Objects very intelligibly, and therefore very agreeably. This I take to be the general Character of the Book.

We can easily discern that the Pourtraits of Dr. *Van Lewen* and his Wife are very like, though perhaps they may not be drawn

drawn to the utmost Advantage. Their Tempers, their Manner of living, and their Family Politicks, are all well and strongly marked ; and this it is that renders them pleasing. Miss's learning out of Spite, and reading and writing because she was forbid to do either is very characteristick ; she copied in this her great Grandmother *Eve* ; and the Fruit of Knowledge looked lovely only because it was forbidden. The Difference between the Father and the Mother's Conduct in this Respect is happily, I will not say justly, thrown in, because I dare say it was dictated by Nature, and not by Reflection. Those who know how to judge of the Structure of the human Mind by the first Buds of Meaning may possibly be the better for this Hint, and find a new Method of teaching by restraining their Scholars from what they would have them learn. This may fix volatile Spirits, and keep alive that Flame which, if suffered to burn freely, would quickly waste itself. But this is a very nice Point, which, I confess, I do but just discern, and am sensible of my Want of Capacity to discuss, and therefore I leave it.

The Pleasure expressed by her Parents upon the young Lady's acquiring what is called a fine Taste and polite Accomplishments, is prettily and naturally described, as is also her Self-Satisfaction in hearing her own Praises, this quickened her Abilities, called out the Force and Vigour of her Mind, so as to give her that sparkling Vivacity, which, as she abundantly shews, was her essential Perfection. From hence, very possibly, a philosophick Prophet might have foretold all that befell her. An Astrologer, that after poring over a Horoscope, predicts this and that and the other, may be lucky in his Guesſes, and obtain a Reputation that he does not deserve; but a wise Man, who has been long acquainted with Causes and Events, and thereby got Sight of the secret Connections between them, no sooner becomes Master of a Person's true Character, than he is of some Measure able to read his or her Destiny. The plain Rule in Education is to teach Youth those Things for which they shall have Occasion; and yet Parents are very frequently fond in seeing their Children excel in Things for which they may never have Occasion. In Singing
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and Dancing, for example, which if not intended to qualify their Daughters for the Stage, are a couple of Anti-Accomplishments that will disqualify them for any better Employment.

The Character and Courtship of her Reverend Husband is truly picturesque, and therefore vastly amusing. The *Foplings* in *Prunello* are a very numerous Race, and, in my weak Opinion, the simplest and most insignificant Beings in the Creation, inasmuch as they are continually counteracting their Character, and sacrificing the Dignity of their Office to the natural Impertinency of a wrong-turned Disposition. This is followed by that Train of Errors in Life which are as visible to a speculative Man as the Pustles in the Small Pox, or any other eruptive Disease. He judges from the first Symptoms, and is not in the least surprized at those terrible Effects, that, for want of Penetration, appear shocking to other People.

The Management of this whole Affair, the hooking the Parson, the giving him Line enough to play, and, when weary,
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drawing him in, and suffering a Marriage to be stole, for which they were all the while laying out, is whimsical and diverting, because it is in every Circumstance exactly as it should be. The Doctor, his Wife, the enamoured Priest, the consenting Fair One, and her prudent poetick Friend, all act in Character, and there is not a Syllable told you upon this Subject that every Man of real Taste will not vouch to be true to a very Tittle. Why, because the People, as she has described them, were such kind of Creatures as could not possibly act otherwise. On the Stage, in a Picture, or in a Book, it is easy to see what is right.

In the History of their setting out in Life all is very affecting, because it is simple and natural, the Spruceness of the Husband, the lively Spirit of Madam, the Elegance of a very little House, and that wonderful Curiosity of a Pavilion in the Garden are exquisitely set forth, and the very Weakness of approving these Things, when it rises so high as her writing about them, becomes that Spirit of Ridicule which had been attempted in vain by one who in
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the Description aimed at correcting. It is certainly true that much Wit may be shewn in playing the Fool, but after all, a Fool plays his own Part better than a Wit, and upon the Stage every body knows the Difference between those Phrases of Applause, *he is a fine Actor*, and *he is the very Thing*; so in writing, it is one Thing to describe from the Head, and quite another to do it from the Heart. The same Kind of Commendation is almost every where due to the scenecal Part of her Narration; for this Lady being blest with a brisk Imagination, and a retentive Memory, describes things not as she would have them, or as she thinks they will please, but as they really happened; and thus without attending to it, she takes a much better Method than if she had put her Abilities to the stretch. Her Ideas fall upon the Paper just as they rose in her Mind, and the Reader sees Things as she saw them, and therefore sees them as they were.

Where she digresses from her own Story, I am not equally clear as to the Worth and Value of her Piece. Yet surely the Character of Dean *Swift* is not much out of the

the Way. She relates his Oddities very fairly, and such is the Force of Custom, and the Contagion of common Opinion, that she admires them too. This to me is one of the most diverting Parts of the Book, she is very desirous of appearing a *fine Lady* herself, and yet in that very Character is continually commending *Swift* for being a *Brute*. Great Talents, like great Wealth and great Power, put it into the Hands of him who possesses them to act as he pleases, and a Man may be as truly a Tyrant by dint of his Parts, as in Consequence of his high Post. Such a Tyrant was *Swift*, as much so as *Johnny Gibson* in his Government of *Portsmouth*, and both had the same Cast of Mind; the only Difference was, that *Johnny* shewed his Wit at the Expence of his Soldiers, and the Dean at that of his Friends. He was without all Doubt a great Genius, and a Man of extraordinary Wit, but he would have been nevertheless so if he had conformed a little more to the Rules of Decency; for Kings themselves can hardly plead a Privilege for breaking in upon good Manners, which the Doctor often did, and if we had not instances of it elsewhere,

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there are abundantly enough in this Lady's Writings and in his own, to prove it, and the Weakness of those who submitted to it beyond all Contradiction.

She seems to have a particular Pique against Mr. *Pope*, and she is candid enough to let us into the Cause, which was the Character he bestowed upon her Husband. This does Honour to her Conjugal Affection, tho' it is a visible Flaw in her Judgment. She ought to have considered, that she stood in no Rank that qualified her for passing so severe a Censure upon so great a Man, and the Dean's communicating to her his private Letters cannot raise his Character with impartial Judges. Her Criticism is by no means just upon *Pope's* Character of *Swift*, it is certainly very high and very fine, and not to be satisfied with such Praise shewed a sickly Appetite for Fame, in him much less excusable than want of Comprehension in her. To raise him, as Mr. *Pope* does, to an Equality with *Cervantes* and *Rabelais*, was as far as a true Friend could go, for if he had went farther it would have been such an Impeachment on his own Judgment, as must have spoiled

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the Compliment. In respect to what *Pope* said of her Husband, it is so near the Picture which she has drawn for him, that he must have been in the right, and therefore her Resentment can no way prejudice that great Man's Memory, for it serves only to shew her Partiality and his Penetration.

The Freedom she takes with another Gentleman's Character is also inexcusable. She acknowledges Obligations that ought for ever to have bound her to Silence, and perhaps those Obligations might be greater than she has represented them. What she says of his Indolence accounts clearly to a candid Reader, for his adopting her's and her Husband's Poetry. A Man of that turn, whatever his poetic Genius may be, will in a Fit of Laziness rather pass for the Author of other People's Verses than take Pains to write better of his own. But her Book will probably be a Warning to all Gentlemen of that Disposition, and teach them to be content with the Fame arising from their own Performances, tho' ever so few, rather than condescend to sustain it by calling in mercenary Assistance.

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There are very few People capable of writing in Verse, more especially that have not such a superabundant Vanity as to think no Consideration equivalent to foregoing that Reputation, which they annex to the Idea they have of their own Merit. We know this experimentally at *Oxford*, where many such things happen daily, and where if a Man has Wit enough to make Money of his Productions, he has very seldom so much Wit as to keep the Secret. So far superior is the Passion of *Self-love*, to that of *Self-interest*.

The Detail she gives us of her own Misfortunes is very natural and affecting, tho' perhaps it may not be altogether ingenuous. She seems to be fond of being thought a second *Dacier*, and I recollect a Story of that Lady that perhaps may divert the Reader. Every body knows that she was the Daughter of the famous Mr. *Lefevre*, and that while she was a Maid she was distinguished for her Learning. It was this that made Mr. *Dacier* admire her, and they used to have long Conversations together in her Apartments at the *Louvre*. This was taken notice of at the

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Court of *Lewis XIV.* and a witty Nobleman being asked, what he thought their Conversations turned upon? Replied very archly, *the Improvement of Humanity.* The *double Entendre* lies in the Word *Humanity*; which, besides its obvious Signification, implies also what the *French* call the *Belles Lettres.* The Story of *Eloisa* and *Abelard* is very famous; and the Communications of Wits of different Sexes, more especially at an unseasonable Hour, will be always liable to those Suspicions, that have been fatal to this poor Lady. It is for this Reason, that I would sincerely recommend it to all the Wits of her Sex, to avoid studying *Humanity* in *private* with *Male Professors*, more especially in their *Bed Chambers*; for how innocent soever they may appear to refined Spirits, like themselves, yet vulgar Souls will have vulgar Ideas; and who can help it?

The Poetry which seems to please this Lady most, appears to me the least pleasing Part of her Book; not that all the Pieces are ill written, but because there are too many of them, and amongst them very few that do her real Honour. The Poem
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that introduced her to Dean *Swift*, the Song that has been set to Musick, her rural Ballad, and one or two other Pieces, had they been only inserted, would have given her Readers a high Notion of her Talents in that Way. It is evident enough, that most of her Poetry was written *Extempore*, and we, who are well acquainted with that Kind of Writing, are sufficiently sensible, that it seldom makes any great Figure, beyond the Extent of an Epigram. I would not be understood from hence to decry, either that Lady's Genius, or the Genius of Ladies in general; so far is any Thing of this Kind from my Intention, that I am really inclined to believe, that in the softer Kinds of Poesy, the Ladies have a natural Advantage, write with equal Spirit to Men, and with much greater Ease. But those Ladies, whose Poems have outlived them, appear plainly to have studied Correctness, and not to have risked their Fame, by sending abroad every little Copy of Verses that fell from their Pen. The famous Mrs. *Singer*, afterwards Mrs. *Rowe*, burnt whole Quires of Poetry, which I dare say contributed no less to her Reputation than all she published. If therefore I had the Honour
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of knowing this Lady, I should heartily recommend it to her, after picking out a few of the best, to consign the Remainder of the Verses, intended for the second Volume, to the Flames.

It may be expected, that as a Critick, I should say somewhat of the good or bad Effects this Lady's Memoirs may have upon the Publick. Now to speak candidly, which of all Modes of Language is the least in Use amongst Critics, I must confess myself a little at a loss upon this Subject. There are abundance of great People, who condemn Books of this Kind by the Lump, and assure us, that nothing tends so much to corrupt the Minds of Youth, as these Treatises of Amusement. The Question is, whether this be well founded? The same Outcry there was against Romances; and yet a *French* Prelate, equally distinguished for sincere Piety, great Learning, and a refined Taste, wrote a Treatise in Praise of them, and wrote also a very pretty Novel or little Romance himself. Our modern Performances of this Sort are free from most of the ill Qualities of Romances, and more especially such Memoirs as these, which
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have their Foundation in Truth. My Reason for saying this is, that whatever their Author's Intention may be, they are compelled by an invincible Necessity to make their Writings of some Use. The Business of them is generally to relate their own Misfortunes, and this consequently obliges them to confess their own Faults. They may, indeed, palliate and soften them a good deal, but as this is very perceptible, it can do no great Harm; and shewing, as they must do, that Slips in Morality are attended with the most dreadful Tales of Fortune, their Readers are made so much the wiser and better in spite of their Teeth.

Besides, these Books have this in common with all other Books, that either they are read in a cursory Way, or with some Degree of Attention. If in the former Manner, the utmost Mischief they can do is to kill so much Time, without Prejudice to any but the Person who loses it. But if they are read with Reflection and Meditation, which I am apt to believe they are very frequently without, at least, if not against, the Peruser's Will; they cannot possibly do much hurt: Because it must be

be perceived; that Vice and Folly defeat their own Ends, mistake Pain for Pleasure, and bring upon themselves that Punishment they deserve. When I say this, I confine it to real Memoirs, for a wrong-headed Author may dress up his own Fictions, contrary to all the Laws of Writing and of Nature. These Books of Amusement, therefore, may be, and certainly are pernicious; of which a Multitude of Instances might be given, but the Reason of the Thing being assigned, there is no Necessity for it. I will, however, take the Liberty of adding, that many grave Histories are as dangerous, in this respect, as the most absurd Fictions; because the Writers study to misrepresent Facts, and labour to deceive, under Pretence of informing their Readers. On the whole, therefore, it may be justly advanced, that with Respect to the Diseases of the Mind, as well as of the Body, the Faults sometimes lie in the Food, but much oftner in the digesting Faculties; and hence it becomes a very difficult Thing to prescribe Rules, either about eating or reading, without being perfectly acquainted with the Temper and Constitution of the Persons for whom we prescribe. What
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may inform one, may mislead another, and what makes a bad Impression upon the first Perusal, may produce better Thoughts upon Reflection. I owned myself at a loss upon this Head, and I am pretty well satisfied, that what I have been saying will be thought a sufficient Proof of it.

Let us return then once for all, to our sage *Lætitia*, who, by making the Publick acquainted with her private Story, has indeed gratified several little private Purposes of her own: such as shewing her Wit, reclaiming her Verses, boasting of *Swift's* Acquaintance, mawling her Spouse, and putting a little Money into her Pocket; which Spring, to keep flowing, she throws out certain furious Threats of what shall be contained in the second Part: But notwithstanding all this, she has given many useful Lessons, and those to Persons of almost all Ranks and Stations in Life, of which, a few Instances may not be improper. That adventurous Physician, who thinks of driving himself into Business, by setting up his Chariot, appearing at all publick Places, and living as if he was possesst of top Practice already, may see his

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Error in the short History of this Lady's Father, and thereby escape his Fate. Female Politicians, that frame to themselves imaginary Plans, of making their Daughters Fortunes, by exhibiting them to the Publick in false Colours, will see the Weakness of such Schemes, and the Vanity of such Plots, which may induce them to stop in time, and save their Children from becoming, in their tender Years, the Victims of their Parents Folly. Great Wits may gather from hence the Inconveniences that flow from a wanton Display of the Praises, received from their Friends, and learn what seems to be a *Maxim* worth learning, in this Age, *that private Letters ought not to be made publick*, and that the best Security for preserving Fame is not to betray the Reputation acquired by the publick Exercise of great Talents, through Indiscretions in private Life. A Multitude of Examples might be added ; but these I leave to be added by Readers themselves. A Word to the Wife is enough.

There is this superlative Advantage in the Instructions that may be thus derived, that they come in a manner without looking

ing for. A Person takes such a Book into his Hand to wear off an idle Hour, to get rid of perplexing Thoughts, or to fill up the Close of an Evening when ill Weather keeps one at home, or Company retire before Bed-time. In these vacant Moments People will find that Advice comes with double Force, we meet with it unexpectedly, and when we have most Leisure to reflect upon it. It may be indeed said that such things soon wear out of the Mind, but that is a Mistake, for every Man's Mind is his best Friend, and every Man's Memory better than a Memorandum Book; it will apply in spite of him whatever suits his own Case, and that Application will recur to his serious Thoughts in how ludicrous a Book soever he may have met with it. In this I appeal to Experience, and I dare say there is not an intelligent Reader but could bear me witness that such unsought Admonitions make the deepest Impressions. Our Pride hinders us from being made wise by the Remarks of our Friends, but a Man's own Councils, as they are best, so they are apt to affect them most. This is a Secret that every one does not discover, but almost every one must confess when it

is thus pointed out, to be true, because he carries a Witness of it in his own Breast.

By this Time I don't doubt that many of my gay Readers will be ready to criticise me. What a stupid Dog, will they say, is this miserable *Oxford* Sophist, mew'd up in his two Pair of Stairs Room, and moralizing for Bread? The Fellow set out with something of Wit and Humour, but now he grows grave and heavy, and runs into downright Preaching and Cant! But Patience a little. Perhaps the merry Fit may return, and indeed I don't know any thing more fit to make a Man laugh, than the Consideration of the modern Humour of taking every thing by the wrong End. Instead of endeavouring to make ourselves wiser or better, we study to become worse and worse. Scandal is the only thing that gives Life to Conversation, and Libel is that single Sort of Writing that is not at present out of Fashion. Hopeful Improvements these! are they not? What kind of Consolation is it to a Fool or a Bankrupt to learn that there are as great Fools and Knaves in the World as himself, or in the other Sex, for an undone Woman, or a
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kept Mistrefs, to learn what a Number of Flirts and Whores there are in the World to keep her in Countenance? A mighty Discovery truly, and a worthy Use to be made of Reading and Reflection! Time was, that People looked out for Books that might mend them, but such our Times are, that the best Use a Man can make of his Pen is, to shew that Amendment is an idle thing, and Repentance the only Crime a Man in this polite Age ought to repent. Blessed Maxims these! but mark the Consequences. To learn their good Effects in the State, recollect that rapid Succession we have had of most *admirable Patriots*; to trace them in our Fleets and Armies, remember the frequent *Court-martials*, the *Examples* made by some, and the Opinion the World entertains of those who have *escaped*; to find their Consequences in Trade, look at the Tail of a Gazette. If these Instances wont teach People that there is no Harm in being serious now and then, why e'en let them go on till they are reduced to my two Pair of Stairs Room, and the Dread of hearing a hasty Foot upon the Stairs. That's all!

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We come now to the other Lady, who has been infinitely more conspicuous in the polite World, whose Actions have now employed the Trump of Fame almost thirty Years, and who by recording them with her own Pen, will, in all Probability, transmit them as the Monuments of her Triumphs to latest Posterity. Our former Authoress had Pretensions to *Parnassus*, to which, we do not find that the latter lays any Claim; her Indignation rises no higher than Prose; but be it at the *Dutch Merchant's* Peril, if he hires a Poet to abuse her, she may then find somebody that would transfer her Memoirs into Verse, as she has already got them translated into *Dutch*, and thus no Sex, Age, or Country, would escape her. Our former Authoress sets up for Learning and a fine Taste, but this Lady pretends to no more than plain Sense, and a vehement Passion for Pleasure. In short, in some Points there is the strongest Contrast between them, in others they are pretty well agreed; our *Hibernian* Fair One was wronged by her Husband without Cause; the *English* Lady confesses enough, but justifies, from her Wrongs; in a word, if the former has brighter, the latter has better

better Parts ; and if *Lætitia* has any Title to boast her being *ingenious*, *Constantia* has a much clearer Title to be thought *ingenuous*.

The first Thing that strikes one in these Memoirs, is the Particulars of the Lady's Descent drawn with all the Exactness of a Herald ; for which, however, one can see no visible Occasion, tho' at first Sight one perceives a very plausible Excuse, by which I mean a natural *Welsh* Fondness for Family. As soon as you have been told the Lady was well born, you are next acquainted that she was well bred, and as both of them are indisputable Truths, they naturally bespeak the Reader's Favours. The Character of her Mother-in-Law comes next in View, and I think it must be acknowledged a very extraordinary Stroke of Tenderness, that the Character is so short ; as it is very evident that the giving it at full Length, with all its Circumstances, would have served our young Lady's Purpose extremely well ; but we have enough of it to convince us, that nothing is more fatal to a Man's Quiet, or the Interests of his Family, than a second Marriage, more especially if

it be ill-judged, and that this was so, appears from what the wise Man tells us, that amongst the Sights which his Eyes abhorred to see, was the Handmaid in the Place of her Mistress. Hence flowed the Misfortunes of our Fair One, (if we depend on her Relation) this cruel Circumstance gave a wrong Bias when she began the Race of Life, and threw her out of the Care of her Father at that Season when she stood in most Need of his Protection. Driven into the World at thirteen it was no great Wonder that she missed her Way, and that amongst the many Paths that lay before her, she had not Prudence enough to distinguish the strait one. So far, at least, she is well entitled to general Compassion!

Her amorous Adventure with Mr. *Grimes* (supposing it true) is well told, and the Strictures upon his Conduct very just and right placed. A young Gentleman, whose Passions had got Dominion over his Reason, and employed it precisely to serve those Purposes Heaven bestowed it to prevent, is finely thrown in, and may serve as an admirable *Memento* to our modern *fine Gentlemen*.

men. With his sinister Contrivances the ill Fortune of the fair *Constance* concurred; and the Advantages she derived from Nature and Education turned all against her. Her Breeding made her wish to be a *fine Lady*, her Beauty flattered her with a Title to it, her Glass taught her she had a right to Pleasure, and the Lessons of the Boarding School did not much contribute to give her just Notions of maintaining that Right. *Pamela* was not then written, so that she missed the true System of making Charms subservient to real Happiness. In short, by a Complication of Force and Fraud she was undone, and before she had a full Conception of the Worth of Innocence she lost it. Sad Catastrophe! which ought to make it an Article in every young Lady's Litany, *from the dangerous Delusions of young Men without Principles; from the artful Insinuations of intriguing old Women, and from the forward Presumption of a Boarding School Breeding may Providence deliver us!*

Here I cannot help reflecting on one of the many Benefits, the moral as well as political World derives from the present

License of the Press. There is no doubt that in the Court of Conscience, (I avoid the *Latin* Phrase, tho' a Scholar by Profession) Mr. *Grimes* (if she wrongs him not) is answerable for *Constantia's* whole Career, and for all the Mischiefs and Misfortunes that have attended it. Nothing could have hindered this from being known when the general Book of Accounts is set open; but that was a long time to wait, it could then have furnished only the Motives of Punishment, and the World being lost, Reformation could not have been the Consequence. But as things now stand, when most fine Gentlemen are upon a Level in Point of Principles with this fine Gentleman, and when Multitudes of fair Maidens are on the Point of treading that slippery Path where poor *Constantia* fell; what Help, what Remedy, could be afforded? When Principles are lost, when Remorse is slighted, when Conscience is no more a Bugbear, what shall reclaim? Behold the Love of Scandal; the dear Delight of forgetting our own Faults, to listen to those of others; the Passion of hearing and spreading Reproach arises! To gratify which whole *Volumes of Memoirs* are written, all Secrets
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are revealed, the Day of Judgment is anticipated! and those who do not either *reverence* God, or *respect* Men, have some Kind of *Restraint* put upon them by the *Dread of Shame*.

We have no very distinct Account how the three Months were past after Mr. *Grimes* abandoned his Mistress, and oh tormenting Thought! which even the Balm of circling Years could never heal, abandoned her for a *Chairman's* Daughter. I say we have no very clear Account of those three Months, only that in that time a Debt of five hundred Pounds was contracted with the *Tally Folks*, and then the Lady being much in my Condition, to escape out of her two Pair of Stairs, bethought herself of a Marriage, the very worst Expedient she could have thought of except a Halter. Misfortunes never come single, Rapes, Debts, and Marriage all in a Quarter, was enough to have frightened a Lady of greater Prudence, and more in Years. It was, however, a wise Resolution to step over to *France* a little. Why she went thither, who went with her, or what she did there, is thrown into Shade; perhaps this may be another

Instance of her Prudence, or perhaps she was afraid of tiring her Readers ; and indeed if she was virtuous all that time, I doubt the Story of her Travels would to many of them have proved but tedious. As we are not let into the Secret why she went thither, we are to the full as much in the Dark about her coming back, and all she is pleased to disclose amounts to this, that abroad she resided at *Rouen* in *Normandy*, and upon her Return took Lodgings at Captain *Burton's* in *Great Pultney Street*.

There it was that by a very great Accident, about the Age of sweet Fifteen, she first met with her *honest Dutchman*, and here the Lady's Ingenuity can never be too much admired, she received his Visits with Pleasure, not from any Expectations of an honourable Marriage, but to extricate herself from a *sad Dependance* upon the *World*, and be less exposed to the *Vicissitudes* of a *publick Life*. A finer Circumlocution than this, for a very common and coarse Expression, have not I met with in all my Reading ! But however it is marvelously fair and sufficiently plain, the Lady's utmost Ambition at this time was to be the Mistress of *one* Man rather than of a *hundred*. Why
 then

then one would imagine they were soon agreed. Not so neither, our *Dutchman* had quite another Design, he might have made her his Mistress, but he chose to make her his Wife. Very honourable truly! and the Case by her as honourably stated. She takes no Merit to herself, she pretends to have formed no chaste Resolutions, she practised no Arts to receive him, she did not delay or delude his Hopes, to bring him up to her Price, the Merit was wholly his, and to him she gives it; after this one has reason to believe she speaks impartially in the Sequel.

But this heroic Behaviour in the Lover had a good Effect, the smothered Sparks of Virtue began to glow under the Embers, and fanned by a short Reflection burst into a Flame. She scorned to deceive a Man who had deserved of her so much better, and therefore she frankly told him the former Slips she had made, and amongst the rest her venturing into the Presence of a Parson to escape a Prison. This was a generous and an honest Confidence, and therefore with such of her Readers as are acquainted with human Nature, and consider

sider her Age at this Time, will pass for a Feature of her original Complexion; for that Nature meant to do as handsomely by her Mind, as by her Body, we have many Reasons to believe, however Time and Misfortunes may have impaired both. This Confidence was so well placed, that it did her no hurt; the *Dutchman* had as much Phelgm in one Sense, as Fire in another, and knew how to reconcile what never dwelt in one Breast before, Patience and Passion.

At length, which methinks was a little ominous, they were married by Advice of Council! Law preceded the Bridal Ceremony, Law attended, Law survived their Marriage, and tho' the Bride brought not her Husband a Shilling, she has been a most excellent Fortune to the Lawyers. As the Merchant had a Father, and a great Dependance upon that Father, it is no Wonder at all at his Desire to have this Marriage concealed; but how this prudent Step was reconciled to his carrying several of his Friends to see his fine young Wife, is not quite so easy to apprehend. It might, for all this, have remained, perhaps, a Secret in

in *Holland*; but to be sure it was not the Way to keep it one in *England*.

He found this by Experience, for his Marriage, which he intended should be known to no Body, became in a short Time the Discourse of every Body; and a certain Gentleman, who had no Kindness for him, took the Pains to go over to *Holland*, on purpose to tell an ill-natured Tale, in the most disagreeable Language. Our Merchant had previous Intelligence of this, and by the Advice of the Spouse, resolved to be beforehand with this *Tale Bearer*, and to carry his Wife with him, in Hopes her agreeable Behaviour and Beauty might put *Ill-natured Truth* out of Countenance. The Scheme was certainly not ill laid, nor did it altogether fail in its Effects. Those who know our Fair One, know that she can put on the *Angel of Light*, or rather can resume it; and that with such Dexterity, as without the Assistance of *Ithuriel's Spear*, which I never heard reckoned among the Number of *Dutch Curiosities*, there is no guessing at any Thing with them; therefore we need not wonder she found an easy Admittance into the Merchant's Family, but that she was admired, and adored. Be-

Before she left *Holland*, however, Things took another Turn, our Merchant's Father began to listen to the Stories that were told him, and our Divinity begun to find the Incense offered her not so fragrant as at first. Upon their return to *England*, the old Gentleman came to make them a Visit, and having picked up the Confirmation of the Intelligence he had received, not only shewed his Dislike to his Daughter-in-law, but carried Things to as great Extremity in Language, as the Merchant in Deeds; that is to say, the Father called her *Names*, and the Son *beat* her. This Method of making a Wife *better*, does not seem to have produced any good Effect; and indeed, in this Part of her Work our Authoress is pleased to conceal her Faults, she does not tell us what the Merchant took amiss, but one would hope, for the Honour of a Man, that he did not *beat* her for his *own* Faults. This Usage could not be either justified or excused from any Thing that has come to the World's Notice. His Marriage was his own Act and Deed, and therefore to beat her for it was unjust, as well as cruel. Had she abused his Bed, it might have made Way for a Separation and a Di-

a Divorce, which had been a better Reparation than beating; for my Part, if the Fact be true, I should suspect it was to provoke her to it, for the Passions of Women are strong, and a *Beating* will almost excuse *any Kind* of Revenge.

At length the Storm began, and a Scheme was laid for making the first Marriage, void the second, as she tells the Story. My Intention is not to tell it after her, for that would be stealing her Book, instead of writing Remarks upon it. I shall content myself therefore with observing, that upon the whole, she acted her Part best of any, during the Contest. The old Man had acted a wiser Part both for himself and his Family, if he had not conjured up this Stir, but had used his Endeavours rather to work upon the Lady's Temper by Hopes than by Fears. There is nothing so persuasive as Goodness, and a Sense of Beneficence for Reverence at the same Time will hardly fail, where common Sense is not wanting, and of that there was no Defect in her to operate strongly. Virtue as well as Vice is strengthened by Habit, and if the Credit of overcoming all Reproaches had

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been dextrously kept in the young Lady's Eye, it might probably have done more for the Peace of the Family than any other Method whatever. At all Events one of these two things must have happened, either her bad Behaviour would have opened a fair Passage for the Separation the Father wished, or her prudent Conduct, even in the Opinion of the World, would have obliterated the Follies she had fallen into before she became a Wife.

Our Merchant too seems to have made a strange Change in his Temper, and to have become quite another Man from what he had formerly been, in Consequence of this unlucky Dispute. If what the Lady herself says be true, this was the mere Effects of Influence and Force, he loved her still, but in a strange Way, and his Desire to keep her without losing his Father, drove him upon Methods which, as without the strongest Evidence nobody could believe, so the Consequences considered, nobody will be tempted to imitate. Family Discords are common to all Nations, and matrimonial Jars are not at all confined by Time or Place : Yet sure there was something

thing singular in this Business ; and one would think the Stars were very cross grain-ed that presided at this Gentleman's Birth. The Vulgar have a Notion that Love is governed by Fate ; if so, the Fate that governed his Love seems to have been a little out of her Wits. When he might have had her for a Mistress he would needs make her his Wife ; and when she was his Wife, he had a Mind to be unmarried, that he might keep her for his Mistress. Nothing like this ever appeared in secret History, nay, I will go farther and say, that nothing like this was ever feigned by the boldest Writer in Romance.

There is nothing looks so much like Destiny, as the Events that attend on Marriage. Where it is built on reciprocal Affection and Constancy nothing so happy, where Fancy, Whim, Intrigue, Interest, or Force bring People together, nothing so miserable. Look into publick Histories with a steady Eye, and amidst all the Chances and Changes, all the Turns and Revolutions that happen in a State, you shall see a Chain of Causes and Effects so linked together, that you may fairly affirm

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things could hardly have happened otherwise than they did. Now as odd as it may seem, I am strangely inclined to think that with equal Observation we might observe a like Chain of Causes and Effects in private Life. The only Difference lies here, the Conduct of ordinary People is better concealed, and we have seldom an Opportunity of judging certainly of the Motives upon which their Actions are founded. If we could do this we should rarely find that Misfortunes come without Faults, neither would it be difficult to read the Indictment for the Offence in the Punishment inflicted upon the Delinquent. There is a Story I met with not long ago in a *French* Author, which appears to me very little less singular, and at the same time almost as well written as *Constantia's* Apology. I must confess that it pleased me very much, and therefore hope it may please the Reader as well. At least, it will deliver us both from the dry Task of Criticism which my Bookseller imposed, and which tho' I have executed to the best of my Power, begins now to hang pretty heavy upon my Hands. This Story then, which is both short and pleasant, will
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fully illustrate what I have been saying, and will teach People that when they think themselves nearest compleat Happiness, they may be upon the very Brink of Destruction, over which the first Gust of their Passions may precipitate them into Despair and Ruin. Thus then the Story runs in my Author's Words, which I would not willingly change for worse of my own.

It is of no great Importance to the Publick that I should be critical either in the Chronology or Chorography of my little Narrative. Let it suffice then, that towards the Close of the last Century, and in one of the Provinces of *France*, one Mr. *Bussiere*, an agreeable Gentleman, loved a Lady beautiful, young, rich, and of a good Family, and was by her beloved. The mutual Affection they had for each other appeared so much the more happy as it was entirely approved by their Parents, who had consented to their Marriage. But this Prospect of Felicity was quickly dashed by an unforeseen as well as a very unlucky Adventure.

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This amiable young Lady having been one Day invited to the Marriage of one of her Friends, was taken Notice of by a young Gentleman, an only Son of an ancient House, and a very great Estate, who being smitten with her agreeable Mien and Behaviour, told his Father, who had left it to him to choose a Wife for himself, that he had found one by whom his Heart was sensibly touched, and, upon the old Gentleman's desiring it, he named her to him. His Father, who was very intimately acquainted with the Father of the young Lady, came to him, and desired her for his Son. The Proposal, as it was thought to be very advantageous, was immediately accepted, and Articles were drawn up in a few Days. The Lady's Father shewed them to her, and informed her of his new Engagement. A Clap of Thunder could not have stunned her more; and her Father seeing her astonished, left her without saying one Word more to her. She had scarce recovered her Senses, when she wrote this News to her Lover, who upon reading it was like to die with Grief. The next Day her Father returned, who signified to her his Intention with great Vigour, and

and after many Reasons taken from Interest, and the young Gentleman's Fortune, of which she remained insensible, he threatened her with all the Violence imaginable if she resisted his Will any longer. In fine, she perceiving that it was impossible to avoid the Sacrifice, suffered herself to be dragged to the Altar, a real Victim, though in Shew a Bride.

After the Marriage, she was conducted to her Husband's House, where a magnificent Feast was prepared, which was so far from being pleasant to her, that she was grieved beyond Expression. Happy was it for her that her Husband was a very good Man, of a sweet Temper, and perfectly complaisant, who gave her very liberally all that she desired, and prevented her in every thing that he thought might please her. But Love is very unjust; for whatever Reasons she had to esteem at least the Tenderness of her Husband, she was insensible to him, and all that she could do was to offer Violence to her own Heart, in order to conceal her Indifference for him, yet he perceived it, and was sensibly affected with it; but because he believed that she

she loved not any other Person, he continued, and even augmented his earnest Endeavours, thinking by this Means to produce in her more favourable Inclinations towards him. At this Time one of his Friends returning from the Army, came to make merry with him upon his Marriage, and informed him, without any Design, that his Wife had been in Love with *Buffiere*, and that their Parents were just ready to marry them. The Husband being Thunderstruck with this News, enquired no more after the Cause of her Coldness, but he had a Mind to know *Buffiere*, whom his Friend shew'd him at a Play. The Husband, without saying a Word, examined very strictly for some Months the Behaviour of his Wife, which he found to be very regular, free from Intrigues, from Gaming, and suspected Company. She kept retired in her House, minded carefully her own Affairs, shewed great Respect to him, but not Tenderness; and he saw with Grief that it was Reason only, and not her Inclination, which made her dutiful to him. He admired her Vertue, and complained within himself of his bad Fortune!

The fine Season being come, having a Design to remove further from the Place where her Lover was, he propos'd to her, that they would go and spend some Months in the Country, which she accepted. I forgot to tell you, that this Lady was very well skill'd in Designing, and that her greatest Pleasure was to draw Landskips. After she had allow'd all the Time that was necessary for her Duty, she retired to the Top of her House into a Closet she had made, which had on all Sides delightful Prospects. There she spent sometimes whole Afternoons in Designing; and her Passion being always equally present, she never made any Landskip wherein she did not draw her Lover sometimes as a Traveller, sometimes as a Shepherd, gathering Flowers, or sitting fishing on the Banks of a River; and because she did not know that her Husband was acquainted with her former Love, she let him see all her Pictures. It cannot be imagin'd what secret Grief he felt, to observe the Heart of his Wife so sensibly affected towards this happy Rival. But he was quite overwhelmed with Grief when he saw her hang these Landskips by her Bed-side, that so her Lover might be the

last Sight she saw, and the first Object that appeared to her when she waked. Nay, one Morning when her Husband, who deserved so much to be pitied, seemed to be fast asleep, he was so unhappy to hear her sigh when she looked upon these Pictures. This cruel Indifference never moved him to shew the least Resentment; on the contrary, he redoubled his Tenderness, and flattered himself, that at last he should prevail upon her to have such Inclination for him as he merited by his Passion, his Indulgence, and Discretion.

He spent some Years in this melancholy Condition, but still he was not able to change the Heart of his Wife, which made him resolve to go and make a Campaign. Since he always preserved an extreme Tenderness for her, he wrote to her with all the Passion of a Lover, and she did whatever lay in her Power to signify to him in her Answers the same Inclination; but he thinking, that he perceived, as indeed it was but too true, that her Words were forced, and despairing at last of gaining her Heart, he ventured, careless of Life, upon a desperate Attempt, where he behaved himself with great Courage and Bravery,

very, and received two mortal Wounds, but feeling there was still some Strength left in him, he wrote to her his last Letter. He began with testifying to her his Grief for being the Occasion of so sad a Condition as she was in by his marrying her; that if he had known before he espoused her that her Heart was pre-engaged, he would not have parted her from the Man she loved so tenderly. After this he acquainted her, that he was extremely troubled to see that happy Man represented under a Variety of Shapes in her Landships, and that he had wished a thousand Times to die when he beheld those Pictures near her Bed, and exposed to her Eyes; that he had heard her sigh for this Lover, that he durst not speak to her, for fear of giving her some Disturbance, by acquainting her, that her Pre-ingagement was not unknown to him. He added to all this, that he had never complained of his Misfortunes to any, but satisfied himself with bemoaning it in his own Breast, and that he never had Thoughts of using any other Means, but his own Love, to make her in Love with him. He expressed the great Esteem he had for her Virtue, and that he had ob-

served the Violence she offered, to make herself afford a proper Return to him, without being able to effect it; that his Misery proceeded from his Stars, and not from her; that now at his Death he durst not pray her to remember him, but entreated her, on the contrary, to forget him; lest any uneasy Remembrance of what was past, should ever happen to disturb the Pleasures which he wished her with her Lover.

You may easily imagine what Effects this Letter had upon the Heart of his Wife, she fell into an extreme Grief, which was doubled upon the News of the Death of her Husband; and when she saw his Body, which was brought from the Army, she would have sacrificed herself that she might give him Life, because she was not able to give him her Heart. After she had spent many Days in reproaching herself for her Indifference, she thought to make some amends for it, by sacrificing to him those Landships, which had occasioned him so much Grief. But how strange is the Tyranny of Love! How just soever this trivial Sacrifice appeared to her, yet perceiving that she should burn so many Pictures of her
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 Lover,

Lover, she felt a great Reluctancy at her Heart, which plainly shewed her, that she was still in Love with him, in Spite of Duty, Gratitude, and Reason.

When her Husband was dead, *Bussiere* received the News of it, a few Days after at *London*, from whence he returned immediately, but he was told she would see no body. She was for some Months confined to the same Retirement, during which Time she paid frequent Visits to her Father, who received her very kindly, and it was by *his* Means that her Lover saw her, and that in a few Years after their Hearts were re-united, and they were married. What Pleasure soever she had in her new State, she found it very difficult to put out of her Mind the Idea of the Husband she had lost; and the Remembrance of her Coldness to him disturbed her Repose. *Bussiere* being always present before her Eyes mitigated her Trouble, and at last she shewed him by Degrees the Tenderness of her Affection to him. In one of these Moments, when her Heart was open, she discovered to him after what Manner she kept up her Love to him, by the Landskips wherein she had painted him in different Shapes, which

which she had placed near her Bed, that she might see him as soon as she awaked. This Confession charmed him exceedingly. But their Pleasures however lasted not long, the Sweets of intemperate Fondness were quickly over.

During the first Marriage of this Lady, *Bussiere* was much beloved by an *English* Woman. There had been between them what happened to all Lovers; Jealousies, Quarrels, and then Peace: This Woman had given him her Picture, and had written to him many tender Letters, during their Broils and at the times of their Reconciliation, which *Bussiere* had always kept, and very probably without thinking of them. One Day, being in haste to go about some Business, he left the Key in his Closet Door, into which his Wife, by Chance, entered, and finding a Box open, she had the Curiosity to see what was in it. She most unluckily happened to light on this Picture, and upon these Letters, which she read, and they pierced her very Heart with Grief. She immediately persuaded herself that her Husband did no longer love her, and that he had yet a secret Inclination to this *English* Lady, with whom he intrusted
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his most tender Desires. She fell into raving Fits, and would never tell the Occasion of them to any Body, and she believed that the Importunity which her Husband used to know the Cause of them, was only a Pretence to conceal his Pre-engagement, and the pure Effects of his Falshood.

She now called to mind with Floods of Tears the Tenderness of the Husband she had lost, whose ardent Love and greater Merit she then magnified. She reproached herself for having found out Means to maintain her Indifference for him, and redoubled her own Grief at the Remembrance of her Ingratitude: But above all, she repented that she had told *Bussiere* what she had done to keep him always present in her Mind, at a Time when she ought to have done all that she could to forget him. Thus the Melancholy of her former Life was now exchanged for Madness.

So violent a State as this could not last long without sad Consequences: She fell into a burning Fever, and being persuaded that she was betrayed, obstinately resolved to conceal the Cause of her Illness, especially from *Bussiere*, either out of Spite, or

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fearing perhaps lest she let him know that she had discovered his Unfaithfulness. They had during their Marriage a little Daughter about four Years old, whom she sent for, and taking her by the Hand she presented her to him, praying him to receive her as the last Pledge of her Love. *Bussiere* burst forth into Tears, and they took him away from this doleful Spectacle, and for two Days they concealed from him the Death of his Wife. A Niece who had never left her during her Sickneſs, found after her Death this Picture and theſe Letters under the Bolſter of her Bed, and ſhe had ſcarce read them over before ſhe eaſily gueſſed the Cauſe of her Miſfortune: She had ſome Thoughts at firſt of ſending them back to *Buſſiere*, but upon ſecond Thoughts ſhe choſe rather to ſuppreſs them, fearing leſt they ſhould kill him with Grief. Since nothing could comfort that unhappy Widower, and that every thing he ſaw continually recalled to his mind the ſad Idea of what he had loſt; his Parents perſuaded him to travel, to which he always had an Inclination, and in which, conſumed by corroding Grief, he ended his Days. There is not much of the marvellous in this Hiſtory

tory, but its being perfectly probable does not render it the less entertaining, and I am very much mistaken or several of my Readers will find many Parallels to this (at least in a great Measure) amongst their own Acquaintance. The Actors upon the great Stage of the World are as little addicted to getting up new Plays as the Actors at the Playhouse, and in both Places, upon Examination, we find many of those they call fresh Pieces, only a Patchwork Transposition of old Scenes.

It is now high Time to return to our fair Adventurer's Memoirs. We shall not, however, pretend to follow her thro' all the intricate Mazes of the Law, which has been a painful Journey to her, and contains nothing that can render it very pleasant to us. All we can conclude from thence is, that private Intrigues have, too frequently, the better of publick Justice; that Temporal and Ecclesiastical Courts are rather Shops kept open, for the Benefit of a Profession, than Tribunals of the Goddess *Themis*, where all meet with their Deserts; that without any sensible Diminution of Reputation, Men may exercise their Wits, in contriving, defending, and supporting Frauds; and

in fine, that the Story of an Adventurer in Law or Equity is the best Preservative in the World for being litigious. These, I think, are all the Fruits that can be reaped from this Part of her History, or rather the principal Rules of Practice, which an attentive Reader can collect from the Perusal of *Phillips's Reports*.

It would be as little to the Purpose to follow our Fair One abroad, for she gives us nothing but what belongs precisely to herself, her Expences, Figure, and Conquests; unless it be a short Character of a Prince of the Blood in *France*, the Count *de Charolois*, to whom it is but common Justice that one should inform the Reader, he is long ago reformed, and from being the very Creature which she has painted him, is at present a very grave, humane, and sensible Prince. Such Changes as these are not frequent, which renders them the more remarkable; and, I believe, it would be no very difficult Matter to collect some other Instances, and those too, of this Lady's Acquaintance, for all that; which, however, I leave to her prudent Recollection, who, perhaps, may have Occasion for this, and some other Hints, when her present History

History is brought to a Close; since it is highly probable, that in the future Course of her Life, her Memory will furnish her with much more entertaining Memoirs, than her Actions.

The Characters of her Admirers are so naturally depicted by her own Pen, that it is impossible to retouch, without spoiling the Features. How easy, and how just a Description of that generous, good-natured, worthy young Gentleman, to whom she shewed the Way to *Paris*, and in whose Company she made the whole Tour of Delight. Happy for him, their Separation! He has long since effaced the Memory of those youthful Extravagances, and it does Honour to our Fair One's Judgment, that she joins her Esteem to that of all the World, for a Person, who so well deserves it. The frantick Knight is also a very fine Piece, and tho' I believe there are very few who will grudge him the Honour of having his amorous Epistles printed in Publick, yet compared with the Story of his Life, I sincerely think they can bring him no Disgrace. Alas, what a Trifle is six thousand Pounds a Year! without six Grains of common

Sense. I say *common*, for as the Lady truly tells us, he wants not Sense of every other Kind, and so far am I from having any Intention to insult his Misfortunes, that I think the Justice she has done to his Integrity, atones for all the Rest of her Story, and will not only entitle him to the Pity of all, but secure him also the Esteem of the better Part of Mankind. As to the noble Lord, she has spoken of him very freely, which in another Writer might be Breach of Privilege, and therefore, the wisest Thing we can do, is to pass that Part of the Story by, for Fear of being obliged to make it the Subject of one's Meditation, in some obscure Apartment, in the House of that tremendous Minister of Justice *the Black Rod*; who once threatened so dreadfully the witty Author of MANNERS.

As I now draw nigh to a Conclusion, I shall beg leave to end this String of Criticisms as I did the last, by a few Reflections upon the Benefits which may arise to the Publick, upon the Perusal of this very extraordinary Performance. The admired Authoress, indeed, proposes only the Entertainment of her Readers; she is for gratifying the Curiosity, tickling the Ears, and
pleasing

pleasing the Taste of the Publick ; now, if to all these Advantages, I can add another which is worth them all, that of making her Book useful to the Publick, I may presume upon her Pardon for this Attempt, and that she will allow me, tho' a Critic as to her Performance, a Friend as to her Person ; for with Respect to the Improvement of her Mind and Fortune, I dare assure her, none even of her particular Acquaintance, and those I know to be a large Circle, wish her easier, better, or more happy.

In the first place, I must put the Reader in mind that a very considerable Share of Veracity is commonly allowed to this Lady's Memoirs of her own Times, and consequently we may look upon them as a very just Representation of the present Age, and, considered in this Light, no doubt they will do us extraordinary Honour with Posterity. A great Variety of Characters occur in them, and occur in the way of their several Professions, so that those who follow us will be not at all at a Loss as to the real Merit of those excellent Personages that lived before them ; and if nothing of the like kind (which however is not to be supposed) should survive these admirable Adven-

Adventures, will afford indisputable Proofs that Pleasure was the reigning Taste; that Profusion passed for Magnificence; that Show and Equipage gained Admittance every where; that Money was the one thing necessary, and that all Ways of coming at it were esteemed lawful amongst those who lived in a continual State of Dissipation. It will teach them, I mean Posterity, how they came to be left so poor, and whence they derived those comfortable Legacies of Debts and Taxes which we have been so charitably disposed to leave. It will point out the real Causes of those Misfortunes which would otherwise wear a very mysterious Appearance, explain our Peaces without Quiet, our Wars without Actions, and our Expeditions without End. In short, it will shew what Sort of Folks we were, and thereby serve as an admirable Key to the History, Politicks, and Learning of the *British* Nation during the eighteenth Century.

In the next place, if these Memoirs are read by any who are of a serious Disposition, they will clearly collect from them, that *the only way to be safe is to be innocent*. As it is a Maxim in Law, that no Prescription

scription runs against the Crown, so the same thing is true of a superior Power, and Providence frequently shews its Remembrance of our Sins when they have escaped our own. There was a Notion (when Christianity prevailed amongst us) that Repentance availed little without Satisfaction, and that the only way to expunge Guilt, was to atone for it. Now I am afraid that something of the same Kind might be collected from our Lady's Tales. If Mr. *Grimes* had made a Provision for her, tho' it would not have cancelled the Injury, it might have taken off the Edge of her Resentment, and, which would have been a thing of much more Consequence, it had left no Room for her Reflections. Twenty other Instances might be given in Support of the same Truth, but one serves as well as twenty; and the Reader, with a little Recollection, will easily supply the best Part of the other nineteen. Without doubt it would be of some Use, as well to the Gentlemen as the Ladies of Pleasure, if they would now and then admit a Prospect of the Consequences necessarily connected with the immediate Gratification of their Appetites; and this they might be taught by

by their Vanity, in order to distinguish them from the silly Fowls that are caught in the Snare, the simple Fish that so eagerly bite at the gilded Bait, and the sly Vermin, that, tempted by a delicious Morsel, run voluntarily into our Traps. It is a very strange Truth, but it is a Truth nevertheless, that while Mankind are continually boasting of their Reason, they seldom make use of it; this darling Prerogative serves now and then, indeed, to make a Flourish in Discourse, but as to the Conduct of their Lives, they leave that to Instinct.

The same Sort of Persons will also discover that Appearances are very deceitful, and that the Vicious, when they please themselves most with Notions of Success in their Schemes, are in Reality in the greatest Danger. So true it is, that though Justice has leaden Heels, yet her Hands are made of Iron, and perhaps her Motion is the slower because she is always sure of overtaking. How lucky at first Sight was the Marriage with *Delasfield*? and how rare an Expedient that which got the better of *Tallymen*? Yet with all this Luck it became the hidden Source of Multitudes of Miseries. To him too, at certain Times,

no

no doubt, it appeared one of his finest Achievements, and a kind of inexhaustible Mine of Treasure; but our Author tells you it cost him dear. A Life of continual Drunkenness, and in the End Life itself, after living to ask the Charity of a Woman he had ruined, and after swearing and forswearing, as if to be damned, had been his Business. Those admirable Discourses of the Merchants, for settling Suits, became very justly, as well as very oddly, the precise Causes why those Suits never had an End. Thus the Men of Fraud are caught in their own Snare, and, as a Book in great Credit with our Authors tells us, *There is no Peace for the Wicked*. Some perhaps may enquire, to what Purpose all this Pains was taken, and why so much Time and Thinking was thrown away? and because it seems reasonable to answer this Question, I will fairly tell them, it was from a Desire of making even the Follies of Mankind turn to some Account, by stealing upon them a little useful Reading, under the Notion of a Commentary, upon the only sort of Books they read. If there is any thing in this offensive or impertinent, or if the daring to put in Execution such a

Scheme as this of forcing People to think,
 is utterly inexcusable, the Punishment is in
 your own Hands, gentle Readers, you may
 make my Bookseller a Loser, for the Con-
 cern he has had in this Affair, and leave
 me to repent at leisure, of growing wiser
 sooner than my Neighbours, and putting
 my Escape from Duns and Bailiffs, upon so
 precarious a Foot, as that of giving good
 Advice; when a bawdy or blasphemous
 Pamphlet had done my Business effectually,
 and had sent me back to OXFORD, with
 the Character of a *Wit*, and *Money* in
 my *Pocket*.

VIVE ET VALE.

